Story of the Minor Celebrity



the can a man do with a dime, any way? It won't even buy a decent bed; it won't By the price of a drink at the Hoffman br. Coffee John is full of prunes!". He walked up the cheap side of the

Mreet looking aimlessly at the shop win-tows. 'I figure it out about this way,' bathrought. "I ain't going to earn a millidigith two nickels, if I make a raise, Ill be just by durn luck. So it don't matter how I begin nor what I do at all. I just got to go it blind, and trust to

The how I begin nor what I do at all I last got to go it blind, and trust to triking a trail that'll lead to water. I'll the up with the first idea I get, and ride for it as far as it goes."

He furned into Market street at Lotta's southin and had drifted a block northinty when the brilliant letters of an electic sign across the way caught his eye. Bograph theater. Admittance le cents."

The hint was patent and alluring: there were not to be no gainsaying such a tip from Fate. Over he went, with never a bought as to where he would spend the light without money, and in two minutes Coffee John's dime slid under the window at he little ticket office in front. "Hurry up" said the man in the box. "The performance is first about to begin."

As he sait down, the curtain rose and we comedians entered, to go through a drary specialty turn of the coarsest "Bockabout" description.

Affineh was gloomily disappointed. He was gloomily disappointed. He was gloomily disappointed. He world his head to inspect the audience some closely, hoping for some livelier mompting of his destiny, when with a till and a one-iwo-three accompaniment when the wheezy plane at the side of the safe, a little soubrette ran down to the folights, and with a mighty fetching seriousness, rolling her eyes to the celling proclaimed. Ladles and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I will now endance as the side of the results of the celling proclaimed. Ladles and gentlemen, with your kind permission, I will now endance as the world will now endance and the side of the state of the results of the contest of the c

such older she was than she looked, and hat she would be like off the stage. She dd a piquant rather than a pretty face. from that fellos triangle depicted by r Joshua Reynolds. In her movements, se was as graceful and as swiftly accute as a kitten, and she had all a kit-

Admen made a sudden resolve. If he were to meet with an adventure that night, what could possibly be more entertaining than to have for his heroine this little puss of a magician? He made is rapid study of the situation to discover its possibilities. It took but a few minutes for his wishes to work out a plan of action, and he was soon at the door urbanely addressing the teket-taker.

"See here," said Admen, "I'm a reporter on the Wave-you know the paper, weekly illustrated—and I want an interview with Miss Morrow. I'll give her a good write up if you'll let me go behind and talk to her."

The Biograph theater did not often figcre in the dramatic columns of the chysical papers, and such a free advertisement was not to be refused. The doarkeeper for its far as it goes."

Be turned into Market street at Lotus found in the body and the drifted a block northing when the brilliant letters of an electric sign across the way caught his eye. "Bograph theater Admittance lo cents." The hint was patent and alluring, there seemed to be no gainstying such a tip from Fate. Over he went, with never a fought without money, and in two minutes to fine slid under the window of the little ticket office in front. "Hurry pp" said the man in the box. The performance is just about to begin.

As he sat down, the curtain rose and its comedians entered, to go through a face of the footights, and more naive and embarred the heater this head to inspect the audience bree closely, hoping for some liveller from the wheezy piano at the side of the footights, and with a mighty fetching with importance, took the goung man down a side nite to a door down man down a side nite to a door down man down a side nite to a door down man to the window of the time to the proper state of an electric sign across the way caught his eye." The doorkeeper introduced the course so just a the rouge pot The doorkeeper introduced the course pot the make up table, dabbling at the rouge pot The doorkeeper introduced the visitor, then discreetly withdrew closing the door after him. At the was gloomity disappointed. He turned his head to inspect the audience of the footights, and more naive and embarrassed than one would have expected of such a determined little actress. She office in the footights, and more naive and embarrassed than one would have expected of such a determined little actress. She office in the footights, and more naive and embarrassed than one would have expected of such a top the footights, and more naive and embarrassed than one would have expected of such a footights, and more naive and embarrassed than one would have expected of such a footight of the footights, and mor

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No woman's happiis her nature to love and want them as much so as

inst give ber confidence, for he asked her few questions and did not seem to expect clever repties. Before long she had thrown of all reserves and chatted freely to him.

The Boornaph theater kept open, as a great through floor had the four "artistate" and the picture machine. In the room below still went through floor were allowed through the four "artistate" and the picture machine. In the room below still went through florid ways promined through florid ways promined and parentheese. In an incident here upon the thread of her story.

So, by bits and sanches, by repetitions and parentheese. In an incident here and a gonfession there, this is about the was confession there, this is about the was a confession there, this is about the was a formal in the promote of the story.

So, by bits and sanches, by repetitions and parentheese. In an incident here upon the thread of her story.

So, by bits and sanches by repetitions and parentheese. In an incident here and a great parent were, or where I was been all the promote the story of it is to love the

I was, to jump and run for him, and he'd do the rest.

You can imagine if I wasn't excited for the next few days! I would have jumped off the roof to get to him, if necessary, and I just waited from hour to hour, expecting to bear his call every minute. I didn't hardly dare to go to sleep at night for fear I'd miss him, and I was listening everywhere for three days. It seemed impossible that he'd be able to get me away; It was too good to be true. But I had nothing else in the world to look forward to, and I hoped and prayed for that whistle with all my might.

One night at the theater, after my company had done the first part of their bellringing. I went on for my song. I remember it was that purple slik frock I ware, the one with the gold fringe, and red stockings with hows at the knees. Well, the orchestra had just stuck up my air, "Ain't I the cheese? Ain't I the cheese? Dancing the serpentine under the trees!"

End I was just ready to catch the first not when I head if the which we had to the first which we had to the first which we had to the first when I was to the way to take the first to the head of the mean the first which we had to the first which we had the mean the mean the mean the way to the first which we had to the first to the first which we had to the first which we had to the first which we had to the first the first which we had to the first the first which we had to the first the first which we had to the first the first which we had to the first the first the first which we had to the first the

he took me right up in his arms, as if I was a doll, ran down the stairs, put me in a carriage waiting at the door, and we erove off, lickety-split.

I've often thought since then that I took a big risk in trusting a man that I didn't really know at all, but Harry was square and took me right down to a Justice of the Peace. We were married just as I stood, with no slippers and the holes in the heels of my stockings showing. What old Max did I don't know, but he must have been a picture for the audience when he saw me fly away like a bird out of a cage. By the time he found out what had I appened it was too late to do anything about it, for I was Mrs. Maidelow.

Well, I lived with Harry for a few months, and then he began to drink and wanted me to go on the stage again to support him. The first time he struck me I ran away and came up to San Francisco and went into specialty work for myself. Harry was kind enough when he was sober: in fact, he was too good-natured to refuse even a drink; that was just what was the matter. He had no backbone, and although he had a sort of romantic way with him that women like he didn't have the nerve to stay with anything very long.

officers. So he left \$15,000 in cash with a Col. Knowiton in Irust for Harry Maids-low when he could be found. Harry had a way of changing his name when he feit like it, and old Max didn't know him very well, anyway, so the only way ite could be sure of Col. Knowiton identifying him was by—well by a certain mark he had on his body that Max happened to know about. The Colonel has been invalided heme from the Philippines, and every time he sees me he asks if I've found Harry.

So, that's all. I don't really know whether I'm a wife or a widow, but I do know that I ought to have a share of that honey coming to me, and perhaps if you put the story into the paper, some of his feligids will see it and give me news of him.

Admeh Drake put his pencil into his Admeh Drake put his pencil into his pocket feeling a sense of shame at his dureletty with this little waif. He would have been stad to help her, but it seemed useless to disappoint her credulity by confessing that his relations with the presswere entirely fictitions. "Well. I hape you get the money." he said, "and if there's anything I can do to help you. I will But don't you want me to see you hame, Maxle?"

"Sure?" said the girl frankly, and after pulling on a rather soiled automobile coat and adjusting a top-heavy plume! black hat she descended the stairs of the theater with Admeh and they found themselves on Maxket street.

"It's a little late to get anything to eat." Admeh suggested, tentatively, trusting to his luck. He was not disappointed.

"Ch, yes, indeed," replied the girl. "I always have supper after I get home anywey."

Half the warry was off his mind, but

always have suppor after I get home, anywor.

Half the worry was off his mind, but without a cent in his pocket, the question of transportation troubled him. If worst came to worst, Admen decided that he would take Maxie home in a carriage, see her safely indoors and then return and have it out with the driver. But first he ventured another insinuation, it's a beautiful night!" he remarked.

'Fine!' said Maxie. "Let's Walk."

She took his arm blithely, happy at her release from work, and they crossed over, went up Grant axenue to Post street and there turned toward. Union square. A short distance ahead of them a 'tall men in a gray mackintosh was waiking with somewhat painful carefulness up the street. His deviations seemed to teatify to a rather levial evening's indugence. The two rapidly approached him, abd Admeh had scarcely time to notice his vellow beard and hair when the stranger turned into a doorway. The house he entered was gaudily painted in red and yellow with stars, and crescents, and so

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at I was silly and had never had any atnition, and I thought he was in love with
e, and I i magined I was with him. He
led to make up to Max, but the old man
ouldn't have anything to do with him.
One day, when all my people were out
d had locked me in the house, with a
t of dishes to wash, Harry-his name
as Harry Maidslow-came down the
rect and saw me at the kitchen window
valed the sash when he came into the
rd, and without waiting for much talk
st, for we were both afraid the old man
uld be coming beck and would catch
Harry asked me if I didn't want to
live the show, and if I would run away
th him.

a sleepy tune over two others sunk in stupor. Beyond them was a group of jockeys, who had come to reduce weight, all were young, small, keen-eyed, cach was puffing a huge cigar. In that bower of transformation, where all men stood equal as at the judgment, their worldry goods shrunk to a single bath towel, he found it hard to pick his man, yet no one could he see with the clay-yellow hair and beard that marked the mysterious person for whom he was searching.

Following others who slipped down the stairs in the single, leveling garment. Admeh went across the main salon, through a double glass door and into an ante-chamber considerably hotter, where men were lolling back, wet and shiny, in canvas chairs. He saw the rubbers working in the room beyond, saw that the men under their hands were black and brown of hair and beard.

To the right another glass door caught his eye. He passed in and gazped at the heavy, overpowering temperature. His glasses, to which he had cluing with the instinct of a near-sighted man, burned on his nose. Men, glistening and dripping sat all along the wall, their feet in little tubs of water.

In the corner sat the mysterious stranger of the yellow hair and beard. He was singing sentimentally. Admeh, practiced in the lore of intoxication, watched/him. "The jag's growing," he said to himself. In fact, the fumes of liquor, heat driven, were mounting steadily. Crossing the room, so as to command the stranger's right side, he saw round his upper arm a

deep chest; Admeh himself was all cowhoy nerve and wire, but slight and out of
condition. It was bull against coyote.
"The question is," thought Admeh, "can
I and his jag lick him and his muscle?"
The stranger, singing again, lurched
along the hot tiling to another room.
Admeh gasped like a hooked trout as he
followed through the door. It was the
extra hot room, where the mercury registered 19 degrees. The stranger's bristles
began to subside and his lips crept together. The amateur detective drow
nearer and languid as he was with the of the relief from that overwhelming her of the relief from that overwhelming heat. Admen followed. The trail led through the anteroom, past the rubbers and their benches, through another double glass door. A rush of steam fogged his spectacles; when it cleared a little, he saw dimly through the het vapor that he was in a long narrow closet, banked on one side by benches and by pipes which were vomitting clouds of steam. Gropping from one side to the other, he found that they were quite alone.

were quite alone
With no further hesitation. Admehrushed on his man and grasped for the right arm.

By the fraction of an inch he missed his hold. The stranger, with a quickness amazing for one in his condition—and what was more surprising, without a word—lashed out and caught Admeh a blow under the chest which whirled him

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There, in faded colors, was a tattoned design on the while skin Admeh made out the word 'Dotty,' framed in a border of twisted sinkes. His quest was done. Faint, weary, languid, he prepared to get away before his assault was discovered. The door opened some one caucht Admeh by the arm. With no more fight in him, he raised himself to one knee and recognized the attendant, the sight of whom had before so nearly sobered his drunken opponent.

of as queer a yarn as I ever heard, he knew no more about it all the than a bab umborn!"

He rang an electric bell; a boy





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